

# The SORROWFUL MAIDEN

For the want of

## TOCHER-GOOD.

To an Excellent Old Tune.

**T**Hus lurking as alone I lay,  
where there was no Repair,  
A Maid before me on the way,  
I heard a Greeting fair :  
Her Moan was loud it mov'd the Air,  
to hear her still I stood,  
She was lamenting evermair,  
*for fault of Tocher-good.*

Her roaring Crves outrageous,  
with driery Words amain;  
Her stormy Speech and rigorous,  
as she her self had slain :  
The Tears that from her Eyes sore ran  
her Pain it multiply'd ;  
For wanting of a Love so long  
*for fault of Tocher-good.*

Who'll pity me, suppose, I pance,  
she says, unto this Pine ?  
I'm rest indeed of Wit and Sense,  
that I rage in my Mind.  
Because that I do ly alone,  
and Company's so good ;  
I am in point, alas ! to time,  
*for want of Tocher-good.*

Alas ! I know not what to do,  
I stand in such Despair ;  
Or where away that I should go,  
my Maiden-head to ware,  
No marvel though my Heart be fair,  
to play I dare not do't ;  
Unmarry'd I stand in such Fear  
*for want of Tocher-good.*

An old Maiden if that I be,  
no Man will of me make ;  
Then great dolor will gar me die,  
fra time they me forsake ;  
Alas ! my Sorrow cannot slaik,  
which gars my Pleasure fade,  
Alas ! that I should want my Maik,  
*for want of Tocher-good.*

My Father was a Gentle-man,  
of many Lands was Laird ;  
He was so rash in his Spending,  
and all his Living clear'd.  
At Cards and Dice he hath it war'd,  
while it did never good ;  
Which gars me sit at home unserv'd  
*for want of Tocher-good.*

These lordlie Lairds they by me pass  
and scantly do me ken :  
They swear I am a lusty Lais,  
but Gear, quoth they, she's nane :  
Quoth they, it gars her sit at Hame,  
for all her gallant Weed ;  
Who would have her, quoth they again,  
*if she want Tocher-good ?*

I busk, I keam, I prien, I straik,  
but this is all in vain ;  
I make my self right Market like,  
but nothing doth avail :  
And this is ev'n the matter hail.  
their Gear gars them be lov'd ;  
My Heart it bowdens into Bail  
*for want of Tocher-good.*

Though she were ne'er so gray a May  
into the same Countrie,  
Yet Young men will her kifs and clap,  
if she hath gear to gie :  
A Carl's Daughter if that she be,  
some with her will conclude,  
And marry her right honestly,  
*if she have Tocher-good.*

This gars my Heart be like to burst,  
and break in Pieces three, (clap,  
When Young men do their Cheeks oft  
and will not look on me.  
This is the very Cause truly,  
their Gear gars them be lov'd,  
I would he had been hanged hy,  
*first ordain'd Tocher-good.*

But oh, alas ! if that I wist,  
my Mind nothing should had :  
Then should I run into all Haste,  
and choose some wanton Lad :  
And yet, alas ! I am so red,  
by no means I dare do't ;  
No marvel though my Heart be sad  
*For want of Tocher-good.*

There's no Remeed but Patience,  
or else ly down and die :  
Take Pity on us woful things,  
that have no Gear to gie :  
Alas ! we seek of their Mercie,  
to grant us some Remeed :  
And take us from that doleful Day,  
*since we want Tocher-good.*

F I N I S.